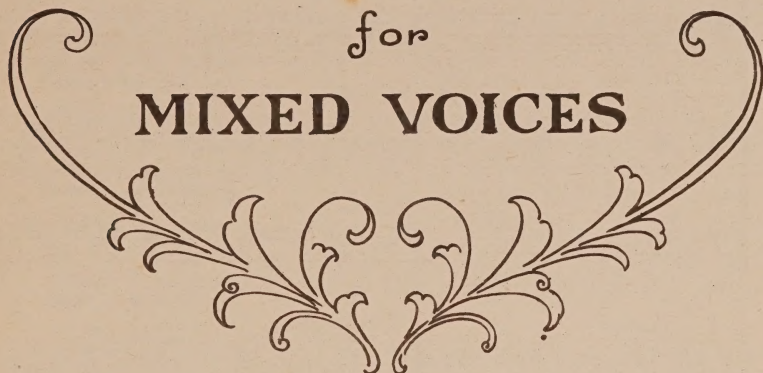


OPPORTUNITY

for

MIXED VOICES



POEM

by

WALTER MALONE

MUSIC

by

W. C. HANDY

HANDY BROTHERS MUSIC CO., Inc.

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OPPORTUNITY

Quartette for Mixed Voices

Poem by
WALTER MALONE

Music by
W. C. HANDY
By Permission

Grave **Moderato**

SOPRANO *mf* > > > >

They do me wrong who say I come no
Wail not for prec - ious chanc-es passed a -

ALTO

They do me wrong no
For chanc-es passed a -

TENOR

They do me wrong
For chanc-es passed

BASS

They do me wrong
For chances passed

PIANO **Grave** **Moderato** *pp* *mf* *ff* *p*

more When once I knock and fail to find you
way Weep not for Gold - en A - ges on the

more When once I knock and fail to find you
way Weep not for Gold - en A - ges on the

I come no more I knock and fail to find you
For chanc-es passed For Gold - en A - ges on the

I come no more I knock and fail to find you
For chanc-es passed For Gold - en A - ges on the

in wane For ev-'ry day I stand out-side your the re-cords of the

to find you in For ev-'ry day I stand out-side your on the wane Each night I burn the re-cords of the

to find you in For ev-'ry day out-side your on the wane I burn the re-cords of the

in wane For ev-'ry day out-side your I burn the re-cords of the

door And bid you wake and rise and fight and win. day At sun-rise ev-'ry soul is born a-gain.

door And bid you wake and rise and fight and win. day At sun-rise ev-'ry soul is born a-gain.

out-side your door bid you wake and rise and fight and win. of the day sun-rise ev-'ry soul is born a-gain.

door And bid you wake and rise and fight and win. day At sun-rise ev-'ry soul is born a-gain.

Meno mosso

mf *cresc.*

TENOR SOLO

Laugh like a boy at splen-dors that have sped
Though deep in mire wring not our hands and weep

To van-ished joys be blind and deaf and dumb
I lend my arms to all who say I can

BASS SOLO

My judge-ments seal the dead past with its dead
No shame faced out - cast ev - er sank so deep

QUARTETTE

And nev - er bind a mo-ment yet to come_
But yet might rise and be a-gain a

And nev - er bind a mo-ment yet to come_
But yet might rise and be a-gain a

And nev - er bind a mo-ment yet to come_
But yet might rise and be a-gain a

And nev - er bind a mo-ment yet to come_
But yet might rise and be a-gain a

Religioso

be a - gain a man Art thou a mourn-er

be a - gain a man Art thou a mourn-er

be a - gain a man

man a man

ff *dim.*
Rouse thee from thy spell —

ff *dim.*
Rouse thee from thy spell —

ff *dim.*
Rouse thee from thy spell — Art thou a sin - ner

ff *dim.*
Rouse thee from thy spell — Art thou a sin - ner

ff

rit. *a tempo*
Sins may be for - giv - en Each morn - ing brings thee

rit. *a tempo*
Sins may be for - giv - en Each morn - ing brings thee

rit. *a tempo*
Sins may be for - giv - en Each morn - ing

rit. *a tempo*
Sins may be for - giv - en Each morn - ing

rit. *a tempo*
fz

wings to flee from Hell. Each night a star to

wings to flee from Hell. Each night a star to

brings Wings to flee from Hell Each night a star to

brings Wings to flee from Hell Each night a star to

guide thy feet to Heav - en.

guide thy feet to Heav - en.

guide thy feet to Heav - en.

guide thy feet to Heav - en.

Way Down South Where The Blues Began

For Chorus or Mixed Quartet

By W.C. HANDY



PIANO

Moderato

mp *cresc.* *ff*

mf

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

SOLI

Tired nerves twitch-in' from sor-row and care _____

BASS

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